

But I must also feele it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me: Did heauen looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull Macduff,
They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their soules: Heauen rest them now.
Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe
Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe
Within my Swords length fet him, if he scape
Heauen forgieue him too.
Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their Instruments: Receiue what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Waiting
Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can
perceiue no truth in your report. When was it she last
walk'd?

Gent. Since his Maiesty went into the Field, I haue
seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vp-
pon her, vnlocke her Closet, take forth paper, folde it,
write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe re-
turne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receiue at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.
In this slumbr agitation, besides her walking, and other
actuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard
her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witness
to confirme my speech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.*
Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and vp-
on my life fast asleepe: obserue her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her con-
tinually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their sence are shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now?

Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme
thus washing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in
this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a spot.

Doct. Heare, she speaks, I will set downe what comes
from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

Lad. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why
then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fye,
a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes
it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who

would haue thought the olde man to haue had so much
blood in him.

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now?
What will these hands ne re be cleane? No more o'that
my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this har-
ting.

Doct. Go too, go too:

You haue knowne what you should not.

Gent. She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure
of that: Heauen knowes what she ha's knowne.

Lad. Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the pe-
fumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a sigh is there? The hart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not haue such a heart in my bosome,
for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be fir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I haue
knowne those which haue walkt in their sleep, who haue
dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne,
looke not so pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo's* buried:
he cannot come out on's graue.

Doct. Euen so?

Lad. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:
Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's
done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed. *Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whisprings are abroad: vnaturall deede
Do breed vnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:
More needs she the Diuine, then the Physitian:
God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And still keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I thinke, but dare not speake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes,
Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.*

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by *Malcolme*,
His Vnkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood

Shall we well meet them, that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File

Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne,

And many vntruffe youths, that euen now

Protest their first of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great *Dunfinane* he strongly Fortifies:

Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesse hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feele

His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,

Now minutely Reuolts vpbraide his Faith-breach:

Those he commands, moue onely in command,

Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title

Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe

Vpon a dwarfish Theefe.

Ment. Who then shall blame

His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start,

When all that is within him, do's condemne

It selfe, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,

To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:

Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,

And with him poure we in our Countries purge,

Each drop of vs.

Lenox. Or so much as it needs,

To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:

Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:

Till Byrnan wood remoue to Dunfinane,

I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme*?

Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know

All mortall Consequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:

Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman

Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then flye false Thanes,

And mingle with the English Epicures,

The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,

Shall neuer sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Seruant.

The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:

Where got'st thou that Goose-looke.

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Geese Villaine?

Ser. Souldiers Sir.

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and over-red thy feare

Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?

Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine

Are Counsaillers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am sick at hart,

When I behold: *Seyton*, I say, this push

Will cheere me euer, or dis-eate me now.

I haue liu'd long enough. my way of life

Is false into the Seare, the yellow Lease;

And that which should accompany Old-Age,

As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,

I must not looke to haue: but in their steed,

Curfes, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath

Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.

Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What Newes more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. He fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.